

## A GOLDEN DESTINY

Alas, gold! Poor creature of beauty!  
By luckless lot of scarcity  
embodying a career in idolatry,  
perpetually targeted by eager fingers  
as transitory goal of a humanity  
whose transit to dust relinquishes it  
into other anxiously grabbing hands . . .  
chains of gold encircling greed and chance.

Ah, but gold awaits a weightier destiny,  
a tangibly more practical service!  
So discovered a rich man, begging Death,  
“Let me take just one suitcase with me!”  
When Heaven made this exception,  
he dragged it up to Peter at the Gate:  
“God allowed that? Lift the lid! Let’s see . . .”  
It brimmed with bricks of solid gold.  
He chuckled, “You brought more pavement?”

Patient, misused gold will have its day  
of greater glory, when all will see,  
in streets of resurrected transparency,  
that it was always a holy, noble metal.  
It only had to stand its wait to also serve,  
honoring the Maker with its heart of gold.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/1/2018*